

LIFE STORY OF AMERICA'S GREAT MILITARY GENIUS.

Within Four Years He Rose From a Country Clerkship to the Chief Command of the Army.

Wierd Midnight Guard of Honor at the Tomb by Grizzled Veterans of the Late War.

A wild wind is tossing the branches of the naked trees. Sleet and hail, until the air is thick with them, are whipping through the atmosphere. Everything is bleak, ness and desolation. Not a sign of life anywhere until there comes the dull dash of a lantern. Its flame burns low and its light can hardly be distinguished. Little more than a blurred blot of yellow the reflection appears, as it moves unsteadily from one point in the darkness to another. Simultaneously a voice, almost drowned by the fierce whistling of the elements and the groaning of the trees, sends the hail:

"Comrade! Hi, ho! Relief!"

No answer. The voice comes again:

"Comrade! Hi, ho! Relief!"

At this second shout a door in the blackness is thrown open and a ruddy warm glow bursts out into the night. Framed by the light stands a grizzled, grim, bearded soldierly figure clad in the blue uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic. The gray hair and beard stream back before the fierce gale, but the old man seems not to mind it in the least. He raises his hand to shade his eyes, striving vainly to see out into the darkness.

"Comrade! Hi, ho! Relief!"

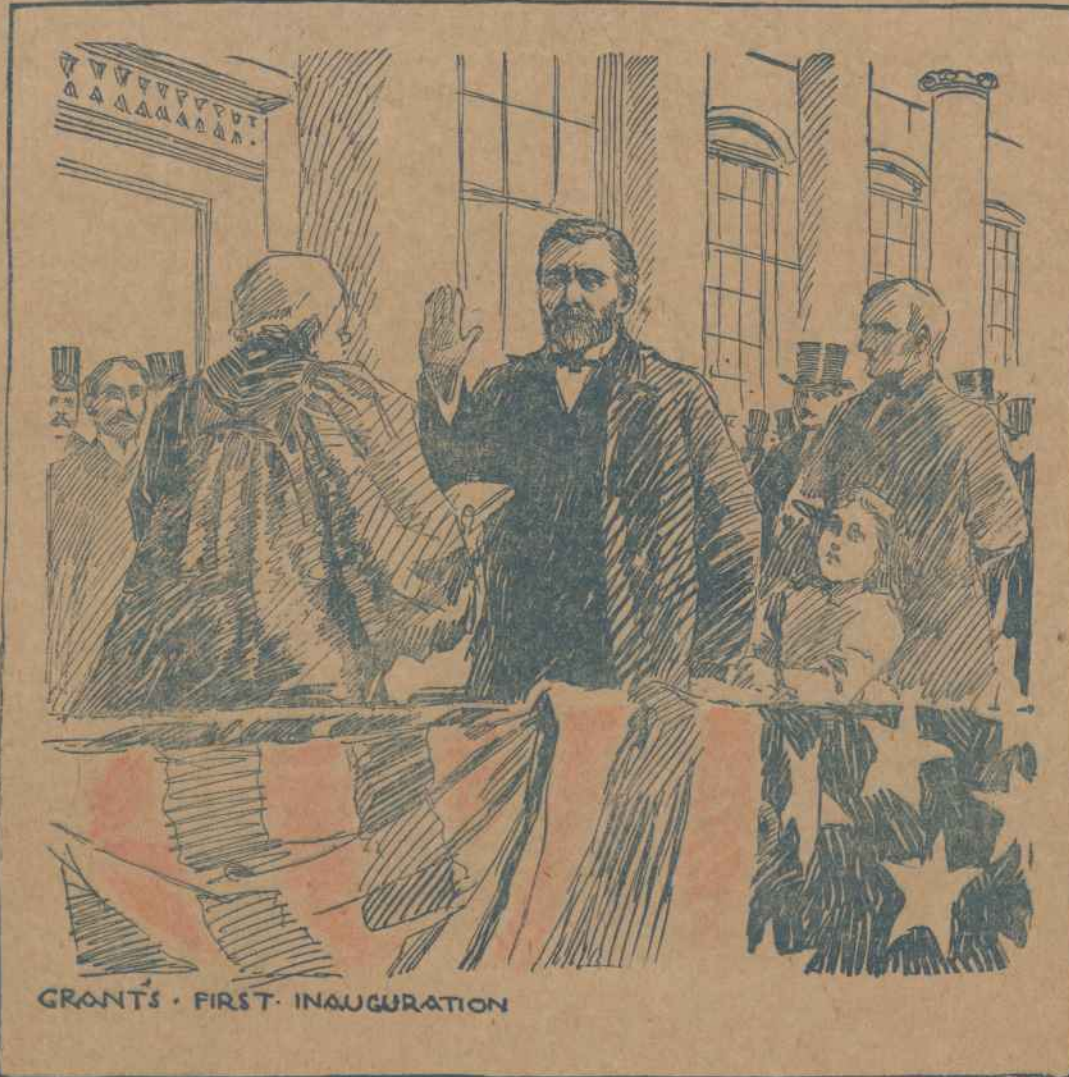
This time the cry is close, distinct and cheery. The listener's face lights up, and in a voice that would have awakened the echoes if the elements were not so clamorous, he rolls out the greeting:

"Hi, ho! Comrade, welcome!"

The little flock of yellow from the lantern had been drowned out some moments before by the stronger glare from the doorway, without, however, revealing the bearer of the lantern to sight. At this moment, however, he strode into the circle of illumination, battling valorously against the storm that threatened fairly to sweep him off his feet. The hail came like lashes. The blast of the wind was almost irresistible at this exposed spot; it seemed almost as if nothing could live under the tremendous assault of the storm, yet the newcomer, like the man who was in the doorway, seemed as cheery and contented as though he were out for a promenade on a Spring morning, instead of fighting his way inch by inch against the elements. A few steps more, a final struggle and the door was reached. The wild weather was shut out, and the man with the lantern was snugly seated beside a stove that threw out a generous warmth.

They made a fine couple, the newcomer and the grizzled old chap who welcomed him. They might have been brothers, twins, so much were they alike in person and dress. They were brothers in fact, brothers in arms. They had fought side by side for five long years through the bitterest war of modern times, and now they were here as guard of honor in the name of the Grand Army of the Republic to watch by the last resting place of Grant, the illustrious General, whom they had followed through Shiloh and the Wilderness.

Nothing more dramatic than this watch of the veterans at the tomb of their commander has ever been seen in the world.



GRANT'S FIRST INAUGURATION

Grant's Career is Unparalleled in History. His Courage was Awe-Inspiring.

United States passed a special act creating a new commission in the army because the nation did not deem the grades then in existence exalted enough for the man who was universally hailed as the deliverer of his country.

No more remarkable and striking contrast is provided in history.

Yet no man who will study Grant carefully will say that his rise was in any measure due to accident. He made his opportunities. True, the war came to help him to fame, but there were a million other men to whom the chance came also. Thousands of these had better opportunities to make a reputation than Grant had, yet they were either never heard of or failed miserably.

From his boyhood Grant had qualities that marked him for success. He disliked work, as he himself has said in his "Memoirs," yet he never shirked the tasks imposed on him by his father. At the age of seven he began to labor. His family—good American stock running back several hundred years—had settled in Ohio. His father, Jesse R. Grant, owned a tannery and farmed a considerable tract of land at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio. Hiram Ulysses, as General Grant was christened, was born on April 27, 1822. He was sent to school very early and kept there steadily, though he was made to do his share of work after school hours, both in the tannery and on the farm. At seven he used to haul all the family supply of wood.

At seventeen Grant was appointed to West Point at the request of his father, who was a man of considerable influence in his locality. The father had not advised Ulysses of his intention to apply for the appointment, and the first thing the future General of all the armies knew of the disposition that was to be made of him was when his father said to him one day:

"Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment."

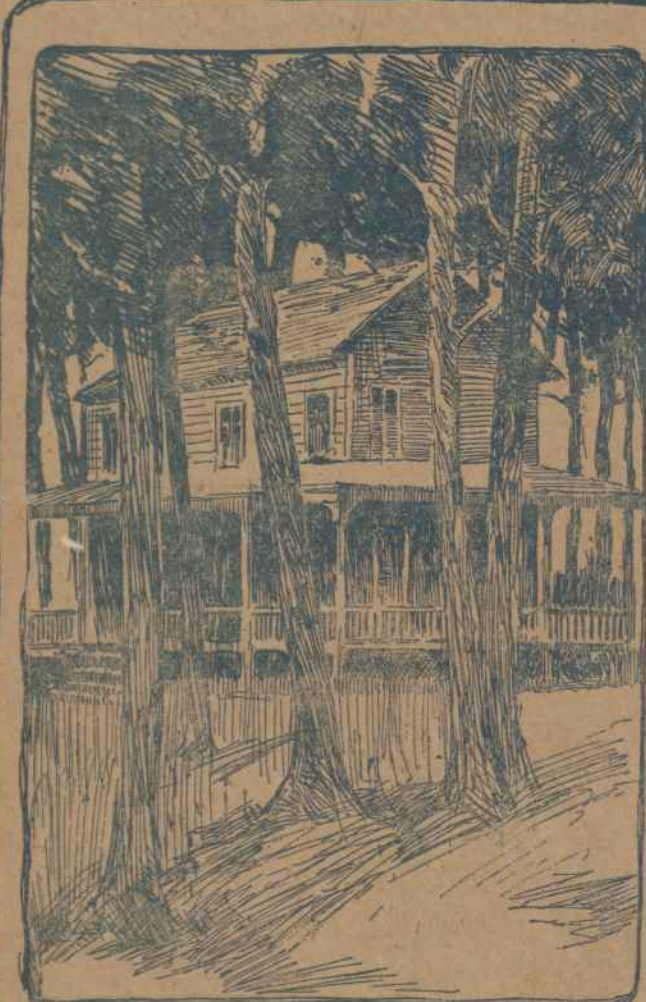
"What appointment?" inquired the lad.

"To West Point; I have applied for it."

Grant did not want to go to West Point for the reason that he did not believe he would be able to pass the necessary examinations. Without explaining his objection he told his father that he would not go.

"Oh, I think you will," remarked the elder Grant quietly, whereupon Ulysses thought so, too, for while his father had never punished him in any way he ruled with a very steady hand. To his surprise, Ulysses found no trouble at all in passing the West Point examinations. The life did not suit him at all. He wanted to be back at Point Pleasant. He had no liking for soldiering. This distaste remained with him to the last. He was happiest in his civil capacity. Bloodshed was distasteful to him. It is related of him by an eyewitness that on one occasion when his headquarters had to be taken as a hospital he preferred to spend the night wandering about in the rain rather than remain inside, where he would have been forced to witness the work of the surgeons with their amputations and probings.

Yet he was instinctively a soldier, despite his distaste. And he was a total stranger to fear. General Horace Porter, who went through the war with Grant, serving for a long time on his staff, declared recently that with only one exception



MT. MCGREGOR WHERE THE GENERAL DIED

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GUARDING THEIR LEADER'S TOMB



WHERE GRANT WAS BORN AT
POINT PLEASANT, OHIO

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Grant had been laid to rest on Aug. 8 of this year, 1885. The mound on Riverside Drive and 123d street, where the temporary tomb had been built, is the most beautiful spot in New York when the sun shines and the air is warm. But now it was late in December. The cutting winds had long ago stripped the trees. The royal Hudson rolling at the foot of the hill was gray and angry, with ice-cakes tossing on its bosom. The weather had been bitter for weeks. No man unless forced by circumstances would of his own accord have ventured to this high, exposed spot where the wind swept without resistance, no man but these veterans. They came willingly and gladly, delighted at the opportunity to do honor to the man who had led them, who had saved the country from dishonor.

Morning and evening, noon and night the watch was kept up. The old soldiers neglected their business and their homes for this service.

Besides the General's grave a small sentry house was erected as shelter to the Grand Army men who had undertaken the task of giving their dead General a guard of honor. Here they reported in relief watches for several years until more of the men in this section, who belong to the Grand Army had done the sentry duty of love.

No other people in the history of the world have ever so honored one of their number. Guards of honor have been stationed for long terms at the graves of the illustrious dead in foreign lands. But with them the guard duty was performed by soldiers and others paid for the service.

With Grant the honor was the spontaneous and voluntary offering of men who had been mustered out of the army by him after the grand review at Washington.

In later years the City of New York has taken from the shoulders of the veterans the honor of guarding their dead hero. Two members of the Park police were stationed at the tomb day and night. When the body is removed on the day after tomorrow to its final resting place in the beautiful structure erected by a grateful community for the nation's savior, this guard of honor will be continued. It is to be maintained for all time while the memory of Grant's splendid service endures. As a further mark of honor there will be kept flying from a great steel flagstaff at the tomb the largest American flag ever woven. It was specially made for the purpose, and will be run up for the first time on Tuesday after the ceremonies attending the transfer of the tomb to the city authorities have been completed. Thereafter it will be kept flying at all times and in all weathers until the winds whip it to pieces. As fast as one flag wears out another will be substituted.

Such homage as this to the memory of the dead stands unique in the history of this nation, as unique as the character of the great man to whom the homage is paid. Nothing better indicates how great Grant really was than the demonstration arranged in his honor for next Tuesday. It is twelve years since he died. Most men, no matter what their services, are forgotten in much less time than this. Grant's last years were clouded with the most distressing financial troubles. His enemies—and he had many, as all strong men have—used his money difficulties in an endeavor to smother his good name. His political opponents dragged him through the dust of a dozen scandals. Yet out of it all the figure of the soldier and the statesman comes to-day more glorious than ever. Twelve years of calm, critical study of his life has served to confirm and strengthen the judgment of the people who beheld in this splendid personality the greatest military hero of the world.

There is much that is dazzling in Grant's career. Everything in it is inspiring, least by such difficulties as no military genius ever knew; vilified when he had not nothing but praise; hampered by the petty jealousy of most of his superiors; made the football of political intrigues at a time when the very existence of the nation hung by a thread, Grant yet rose from obscurity to the supreme command of an army of more than a million men within four years. In June, 1861, he clerk in a leather store at Galena, Ill. In July, 1860, the Congress of the



GRANT REMAINED UNCONCERNED

Grant was the only man in the army, so far as General Porter knew, who exposed himself with absolute unconcern to the fire of the enemy. Bullets might be coming in a perfect hail from cannon and musket, but Grant would pay not the slightest attention to the danger. When every other man in his vicinity was seeking the best obtainable shelter for a fusillade Grant would remain calmly out in the open, writing or dictating orders on doing whatever he had in hand.

The General himself did not seem to be aware of this remarkable absence of fear on his part. On one occasion during the Wilderness campaign, while he was sitting in front of headquarters surrounded by his staff, a shell was seen soaring through the air. It was evident that it must strike in the midst of the group, and there was a wild scramble for safety on the part of every one except the commander. He remained seated where he was, and when the shell struck and burst, and the pieces blew all about him he didn't even duck.

From the very outset of his career he was an intrepid leader. Not long after his graduation, and while he held the rank of second lieutenant, the Mexican war broke out. At Monterey he was left in charge of the stores as acting quartermaster, but "curiosity," as he wrote afterward, with his usual modesty, got the better of him, and he left his stores to go out and fight. The enemy was defending "Black Fort," and the American troops were ordered to storm it. Grant, though he had no business there at all, charged with his regiment, the Fourth Infantry. He was the only person in the charge who was mounted, and, of course, made a fine mark for the enemy's bullets. The fire was annihilating, and in the space of a few minutes fully one-third of the men engaged in the charge were either killed or wounded. A retreat was ordered, and, though Grant was on horseback, and might easily have led the retreat, as he had led the charge, he brought up the rear.

This was his first actual fighting, practically the first time he had smelled smoke in real battle, but he went through it with the coolness and vim of a veteran. All through the Mexican war he displayed a similar courage and readiness, always without being at all prominent or obtrusive. He fought in every battle of consequence in the Mexican campaign, and was promoted to a first lieutenant for bravery.

After the war with the Mexicans was over Grant married Miss Julia Dent, of St. Louis, on August 22, 1848. He was promoted to a captaincy, but resigned his commission on July 31, because he did not feel that he could support his family in California, where he was stationed on army pay. He tried farming, and the real estate business in St. Louis, but being without capital he was compelled to give up after a struggle of six years. In May, 1850, he removed with his wife and children to Galena, to serve as clerk in a leather and hardware store conducted there by his father. His salary was only \$800 a year, and out of this he had to support his family. At thirty-eight his life seemed a complete failure.

Then came the war, and Grant tried for reappointment in the army by the United States authorities. He failed, but largely through accident secured the colonelcy of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois Volunteers. He attracted the attention of Congressman Washburn, of Illinois, and through the latter obtained the appointment of Brigadier-General on August 7, 1861.

From that time forward his progress began. He took the offensive from the start. In the first battle that he fought he had a horse shot under him, and routed the Confederates. Success followed success, until he was made General of all the armies in the field, despite the wirepullers and political intrigues.

So great was his popularity that his nomination to the Presidency in 1868 came as a matter of course. An incident at his inauguration at Washington brings out the fine domesticity of his character. While he was being sworn in his daughter Nellie, then a bright little girl of twelve or thirteen, and his son ran up to him and took his hand. He permitted her to keep it during the entire ceremony.